

BOMBPROOF

*A Weekly Paper Devoted to the Interests
of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 18*



Courtesy E. L. Withers & Co.

*The Little City of Waynesville, Nestling Serenly in a Beautiful Valley and a View
of the Eternal Hills Stretching into a Grand Panorama in the Distance*

Vol. 1; No. 13

Oct. 12, 1918

Published by and for the Enlisted Men of United States Army General Hospital No. 18

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PHONES 15 AND 15-N

BOMB PROOF



Published Weekly

Vol. 1; Number 13

Waynesville, N. C., October 12, 1918

Price 5 Cents

Work on Red Cross Building to Begin Soon

Will Be Used for Entertainment of Soldiers Here--Moving Pictures Twice Weekly

Contracts have already been let and material ordered for the erection of a number of new buildings at this hospital, including a large new Red Cross building, which will be used exclusively for the entertainment of the soldiers here. The Red Cross building will have a seating capacity of 250 and will contain amusement hall, library and administrative offices and lounging rooms.

A moving picture plant is to be installed and two weekly exhibitions and entertainments will be held. A high official of the Red Cross was here recently in consultation with Secretary Allen in reference to the new building and work is to commence immediately.

A Red Cross Nurses' recreation hall is also to be constructed, which will have reading rooms, library and other conveniences. Work on this building is to commence soon and when completed, will furnish diversion for the nurses stationed here.

The old race track and fair grounds of Haywood county, is to be converted into a building site for several new structures which will be erected there. The men of the Detachment will take up their abode in new barracks, which are soon to be built there. A garage, warehouse and guardhouse are also included in the plans.

The tent colony is soon to be improved by the installation of coal stoves, which are expected to be here in a few days. The tents also to be sealed up and when the stoves are added, will be much more comfortable. An electric lighting system has already been completed.

LT. C. L. MOORE "KISSES" BACHELOR DAYS GOOD-BYE

Lieutenant C. L. Moore, the popular Medical Officer of the Receiving Ward, ceased his allegiance to bachelorhood when, on October 2, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth C. Matta, of Baton Rouge, La. The marriage, which was a quiet affair, took place in Atlanta, Ga., Dr. Flynn, of the North Avenue Presbyterian church, officiating at the ceremony.

Several days ago, when Lieutenant Moore quietly obtained a leave of absence, it was rumored that he was going to forsake a single life and this was confirmed when the happy officer arrived in Waynesville a few days later with his bride. Lieutenant and Mrs. Moore are residing in Waynesville at present and are receiving the congratulations of their numerous friends.

MR. ALLEN VISITS ATLANTA

Field Director William C. Allen has been to Atlanta this week to attend a meeting of directors of the Red Cross. All the camps and hospitals were represented at the meeting, and plans were laid for very much enlarging and enrichening the work. Every phase of the Red Cross work in camps and hospitals was discussed at this convention, and Director Allen hopes soon to very much enlarge the work here.

HON. WM. JENNINGS BRYAN

Hon. William Jennings Bryan, brilliant orator and statesman, delivered an address at the hospital Thursday afternoon. Mr. Bryan's address was a simple, straight-from-the-shoulder talk, characterized by his usual matchless rhetoric and logic. It was an address chiefly for soldiers and the earnest, forceful manner of the speaker made a deep impression.

Mess Arrangements to Be Greatly Improved

Large Kitchen to Be Constructed and New Equipment Added--Also Two Dining Rooms

The mess arrangements at General Hospital, No. 18, are to be greatly improved by the building of a large kitchen, a new mess hall and by the installation of several more modern ranges, thus greatly facilitating the feeding of the large number of patients and Detachment men stationed here. New complete kitchen equipment is to be purchased, new steam cookers added and a bakery and butcher shop are to be constructed. The scullery is to be improved and new serving tables added. A large central kitchen will be maintained, where the cooking for practically the entire hospital will be done, except several ward diet kitchens which will be installed for the preparation of special diets. There will be two dining rooms, one for the patients and one for the detachment men. The new mess hall will be large enough for 400, to be used by the patients, will be constructed in the rear of the main building. The mess arrangements are to be completely revolutionized and when completed, will insure this hospital one of the most modern and complete outfits of any general hospital in the country.

Lieutenant Marvel, mess officer at the Kenilworth Hospital, and an experienced hotel man, made a visit here last week in connection with the new improvements, which are to be made. Lieutenant Lewis, mess officer at this post, is handicapped by a lack of proper facilities at present and the announcement that these additions are to be made, will be received with a great deal of joy.

CHESTNUT HUNTERS

We hear a very interesting little joke on Sergeant Foley and Corporal Hill, which may or may not be true. However, if it is true, it is worth repeating and as the parties named, have not denied it there must be some truth in the story.

It seems as though Sergeant Foley was acting as guide and they started out immediately after dinner Sunday to hunt chestnuts. On account of the quarantine they were not allowed to take the public highway so they started out through the mountains with a small party of Detachment men. It seems the goal was beyond a certain mountain and as there are quite a few mountains of almost the same appearance, the guide picked out the wrong one, and by the way, it proved to be the highest one.

After climbing until about 3:30 p.m., some of the boys gave out and were compelled to drop out and return. However, the guide kept going until almost 4:30, and still the top was apparently miles away. After much coaxing, the boys convinced Sergeant Foley that he was on the wrong track, and they decided to retreat, while the sun was still lighting the deep forest.

It seems the party somehow became separated on the return trip and after much whistling and hollering, the guide located Corporal Hill about a half mile off the trail. The other boys kept going straight for home and when the guide and Corporal Hill finally met, they started home together, it now being almost dark in the woods. They had not gone far until they heard a deep low growl directly in front of them. Corporal Hill immediately started back up the mountain at double time, followed by the guide. They soon stopped and decided to circle around the spot where the noise had been heard. It took quite a while to make this little circle as the underbrush is very heavy on this mountain and they were almost back to the trail when they heard the same noise only louder and nearer, but fortunately to the rear this time so they beat it for the trail—Corporal Hill acting as guide this as he could run the fastest. Nor did he stop when he hit the trail. Sergeant Foley swears he never saw him again after he hit the trail but heard a terrible noise like rolling stones bouncing down the mountain side and advances the opinion that he must have been traveling at least 100 miles an hour. The Non. Com. in charge of quarters

that day says he was home in time to take down the colors at 5 p.m., so you can figure out for yourself how many minutes it took him to travel that six miles. Sergeant Foley reported in at 8:30 p.m. and says he had the pleasure of seeing the bear before he left the trail.

CAPTAIN HUBERT RETURNS

Captain Hubert, of Ward III, has just returned from Paris Island, S.C., where he has been at the bed-side of his son, Corp. C. I. Hubert, of the Marines, who was operated upon for appendicitis, and a badly infected knee, a week ago Monday. A letter just received from him states that he is feeling fine and hopes to leave with his company the latter part of this month for "over there." We wish him well, and hope that he will soon be able to resume his former duties with his company.

PARK ROW ALL-STARS

ISSUE CHALLENGE TO
N. C. BALL TOSSENS

After walloping all-comers for the past week in one-two-three-style, the Park Row All-Stars, self-naamed, now come forth with a state-wide challenge to a battle of playground ball. For practice they are ready to take on any nine that can be gotten together in the post.

Address all communications to Paul Sifton, manager, Cash Inn, Park Row.

BUGLE NOTES

(By Chaplain Mullen)

Far o'er the waters, across the broad sea,
Came a sharp cry to the Land of the Free:
"Hasten and help; Oh! Come to our side,
Keep floating proudly the flag of your pride."

Instant responded a nation's brave heart,
Quick to the choice of the true better part.
One gave life's blood to the cause of the just;
One gave life's loved ones, with strong selfish trust.

Far from the battle, removed from the fray,
Will you not give, for the quick dawn of day,
World-wide in Freedom, forever to live?
Liberty-lover, you dared. Will you give?

NEW ARRIVALS AT RICHLAND

Sergeant John W. White, Henderson, N. C.; Pvt. Ray E. McLeadon, Sasser, Ga.; Pvt. John W. Thomas, Coib'n, Ky.; Pvt. Hiram Branham, Bethpage, Tenn.; Pvt. Kemp Hamilton, Wingate, N. C.; Pvt. H. W. McKinney, Clarksville, Tex.; Pvt. David A. Wilson, Spartanburg, S. C.; Pvt. Willie Warren, Hardwick, Ga.; Pvt. W. E. Solomon, Savannah, Ga.; Pvt. David E. Boatwright, Tampa, Fla.; Nurse Maybelle Feagley, Lancaster, Pa.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of Bombproof, published weekly at Waynesville, North Carolina, for October 1, 1918.

State of North Carolina }
County of Haywood } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared M. J. Donahue, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Bombproof.

Publisher, Enlisted men of U. S. Army Hospital 18 Waynesville, N. C.
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Owners, United States Government.

Bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, none.

M. J. DONAHUE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1918.

E. L. WITHERS.

My commission expires May 28, 1919.

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* * *

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Kaiser and his blood-
thirsty hirelings off
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Published by and for the Enlisted Men of U. S. General Hospital, No. 18

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Waynesville, N. C., October 12, 1918

The Schoolmaster

There was a time when the village schoolmaster was looked upon as an ogre with a rod, ever ready to descend upon the rear anatomy of a youngster who dared disobey or didn't get his lessons well. He was monarch of all he surveyed, not only the dispenser of knowledge to the little flock gathered each day to receive wisdom from the learned man, but likewise the schoolmaster ranked with the minister as a moulder of village thought. As time went on, the "village tyrant," as the small boy was wont to think of him, was gradually replaced by men and women of university training, so rapidly was America coming to the front in educational facilities. So today throughout the length and breadth of this great country, there is an educational system that is second to none in the world.

A few years ago this great Republic of ours chose for its leader, a man at the head of a great American University. Despite the fact, that this man was chosen by the voice of the people, there were many who characterized him as a schoolmaster and the man who was so wondrous "wise," remarked: "And, pray, tell me, what does a schoolmaster know about politics?" Quiet, unassuming, yet possessing the dignity which the great office demanded, Woodrow Wilson took the helm of the Ship of State, amid

great difficulties, and guided it through troubled waters to the satisfaction of the American people. After vainly endeavoring to avoid a war, the President and Congress at last decreed that this nation would no longer stand for the utter disregard of principles, human life and international law by a country which no longer regarded principle as a factor in dealing with nations. The die was cast, and with the same cool, calm and deliberate methods, the schoolmaster guided the country on, obvious of all, save his duty to humanity in general and to the destiny of the peoples who put their trust and confidence in him.

Today, instead of the eyes of America only being focused on the man who sits in the White House, the eyes of the entire world are looking to the schoolmaster as the arbiter of their rights and the righter of their wrongs. His name has become a by-word in the homes of millions, while diplomats, statesmen, emperors, chancellors and kings, heed his words. He holds out not only the destiny of America in his hands, but likewise other nations as well. Truly this schoolmaster is a wonderful man.

We greet thee, Signor Ralph L. de Newtoni.

"On with the bond buying, let cash be unconfin'd."

We sincerely trust that Main street won't be fenced in before the quarantine is lifted.

We ask your co-operation in making Bombproof the best paper of its kind in the country.

Lieutenant Moore found that life was far too sweet and short to spend it in this mountain fastness—alone.

What can be done with that fellow who answered the chaplain's question as to where he was going to spend eternity thus: "Right here, I think, sir."

A rookie said the other day that he would soon lose the luxurious art of sleeping until 9 o'clock in the mornings. A'as! twill soon be one of America's lost arts.

Now that this paper has received official recognition and is being filed in the office of the Surgeon General in Washington, it is up to us to produce a paper that will be a pride to this hospital. Come on, get on and let's ride.

THE PALI

One of the Scenic Wonders of the Hawaiian Islands

(Written by Austin Davis)

The Pali is situated on the same island as Honolulu. The word Pali translated in English means, "precipice." The height of the Pali is 1,200 feet. From the summit a wonderful view is presented, as one can see the beautiful fields of pineapple far below, and off in another direction, view the fields of yellow and green sugar cane.

There is an old Hawaiian legend that tells the story of the Pali, which dates back as far as 1750.

King Kamehameha I of the Island of Hawaii, endeavored to conquer all the surrounding islands, and was successful with all save Oahu, which, in particular, he strove to subdue. This island is where the Pali is situated and is but an hour's run from Honolulu. The army of King Kamehameha numbering 12,000, were ordered to cut down a grove of cocoa-nut trees and build a number of war canoes with which they intended to capture Oahu. The king and his army landed where Honolulu is now situated, and had a great battle with the Oahuans, over whom they were victorious, driving them up the valley and over the precipice, sparing not a single man of the 10,000 engaged. Today you can find human bones at the bottom of the Pali, all that remains of the original Oahuans.

The victorious king ruled the entire Hawaiian Islands until his death, some 50 years later. There were eight islands in all then having a population of 400,000 natives, but at the last census, sad to relate, there were but 30,000 remaining.

COLONEL VISITS HOSPITAL

Among the visitors to General Hospital, No. 18, last week, was Colonel Hoagland, commanding officer of the Azalea Hospital, and his Chief of Staff, Major Trumbull. They were accompanied by Miss Standish, chief nurse of Azalea. They expressed themselves as being well pleased with looks of things around here and especially the orderly appearance of the tent colony. Several copies of Bombproof were taken by the visitors. It is likely that the Azalea Hospital will start publishing a paper soon.

J. R. Whitehouse, proprietor of the Whitehouse Cafe, is spending a few days in South Carolina on business.

GREASEBALL'S GROANS



UR elongated business manager, surely doesn't believe in the slogan, "Food Will Win the War," if he did, he would not smoke ten cigars a day. The amount of cabbage in those cigars would easily feed a rabbit for a week.

* * *

Sergeant Witt, our detachment friend, says he is going to become a farmer after the war. He claims if you plant electric wires you can raise currents.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the gondolas on Private Jack Saier? He claims he asked for a pair, eight sizes too big, in case of emergency. "You know I could retreat six or seven sizes and still not desert my post," says Jack.

* * *

The only way you can tell the back of his brogans from the front is by the heels.

* * *

Leslie Warburg says no M. D. could ever operated on him. You're right, Leslie, they would have to blast.

* * *

A few days after Joe Elliott enlisted he received a letter from his friend, asking whether he had received his inoculation. "Nope," replied Joe, "I am still a private."

* * *

If they operate on Private Redmond for nerve there would be nothing left of him but eye lashes. He eats all Willie Johnson's apples then claims they are sour. Willie says Redmond wouldn't be satisfied with a front seat in heaven. Well, there are other places, Willie.

* * *

Raymond Henry says he loves music. He should. He was born with a drum in each ear and seems to have a guitar in the head.

* * *

Bob Davis sailed into Bombproof headquarters flashing a century note, shouting, "Give me a Liberty Bond." When the committee were revived, Davis told them he had a bundle of cash home that enabled him to go up to Philadelphia and laugh at the mint. Give him air, boys.

Private Coombs, you might have known that a pig would squeal on you.

* * *

Piggy Wilson told Private Baines, who is on the farming detail with him, to raise cabbage so he could get a head. Baines replied he would raise his leg and give Piggy a foot. That's co-operation from top to bottom, huh?

* * *

The detachment ought to be going over soon as the trees are beginning to leave.

* * *

Private Clinger's new mustache is just breaking ground. Sgt. Hurd's gun brush is doing fine. Thank you.

* * *

My patients are many,
Said Miss Raney.

Mine are all right,
Said Miss Wright.

Mine are too slow,
Quoth Miss Lowe.

Mine are all all sober,
Said Miss Yoder.

Mine all have legs,
Said Miss Beggs.

Mine are quite bright,
Said Miss Wright.

Mine are some singers,
Said Miss Klinger.

Mine are lots calmer,
Said Miss Palmer.

Mine stroll the lane,
Said Miss Germaine.

I haven't a coward,
Said Miss Howard.

Mine are contrary,
Said Miss Carey.

CO-OPERATION

Bombproof is your paper. It is interested in what you are interested in. The editorial staff strives to improve the news service of this paper every week. We want every ward in this hospital represented, besides the Detachment, Officers and Nurses' news. We are endeavoring to "put out" a straight forward newsy sheet for all and we solicit your co-operation.

That detachment mess sergeant, Frank Beekler, is one of the best little pancake-engineers known around this camp.

* * *

Extract from "The Ward Healer," Kenilworth's weekly paper:

"Donahue struck the ball a vicious smash, but the eagle-eye of Williams quickly stopped it."

We sure would like to give that glim the once over.

* * *

Miss Knight (taking Sgt. Glumm's pulse)—"Running fast."

Sergeant Glumm—"That's the trouble with those cheap watches."

* * *

The Bombproof staff accepts the challenge of the Park Row All-Stars and will play a series of five tunes, the trophy to be anything from the town clock to the Statue of Liberty.

* * *

Private Mitchell, known as "Mitch, the Wanderer," who can give anyone an argument on anything from pumpkin vines to wedding cakes, has left the Isolation Ward and wants his many friends to know he had one swell time while he had the mumps.

* * *

Private Brannan, of No. 3, Wall street, is finally convinced you cannot blow out an electric light. Pennington says electric lights are as scarce in Brannan's home town as leather putts are on buck privates in General Hospital 18.

* * *

New Jersey may have had an awful explosion, but it was nothing compared to the noise that Corporal Berkowitz made, when they amputated his mustache.

* * *

Private Crenshaw says he couldn't sleep a wink last night for he had to stay up and buck dance until morning. When asked why, Crenshaw said that Napoleon, who sleeps next to him, was so cold his teeth chattered in rag-time.

* * *

Private Jones walked into his tent last evening, remarking: "Ain't I king of this tent?" "Sure," replied Private Ginder, after hitting Jones on the head with a wash basin, "there's your crown."

DETACHMENT NOTES

COULD YOU PICTURE—

Swett—powdering his face before going to bed.

Miles—offering to give away a cigarette.

Platt—missing his breakfast in order to get more sleep.

Buck—missing his early morning sleep in order to get breakfast.

Mitchell—getting a hair pulling.

McHaney (or anyone from Ark.)—getting in a hurry.

Fisher—falling out of his cradle.

Marcuson—cleaning up around his bunk.

Auy of our corporals taking down the colors cheerfully.

—o—

Pvt. Frantz, our Pennsylvania German prison guard, is getting so industrious with his bed these cold mornings that he would like to have the O. D. issue him a tray and also the privilege of having an orderly to transport his meals. Poor Frantz.

—o—

Private Sammie Grossman, our faithful little Sammie, has some funny way of talking the old maids out of their apples at Lake Junaluska for the sick soldiers.

—o—

Pvt. Kazmark, the squirrel hunter, announces himself a sharpshooter. He can make them tumble everytime with an old 12-gauge, when he catches them asleep on a limb. He was out 12 times and shot 150 shells and bagged one squirrel. Good for you, Kas.

—o—

Corp. Leach, known as Shorty, has the speed. Have you yet heard him—"Raise you a cent." Come on, fellows, let's go.

—o—

Sgt. Platt, your nocturnal upward flights are quite as incomprehensible as that chamois skin of Corporals Buck and Swett.

—o—

Sgt. Miles is developing every symptom of hydrocephalus. We suggest fewer baths in warmer water with head under water for one-half hour.

—o—

One fortunate thing about it is that the fence is not barbed wire. Eh, Pierre?

—o—

Sergeant Miles lets a day go by without asking for a cigarette.

An Autumn Thought

The green leaves now are turning brown,

The air is turning damp and chill;
And as the days wend on their way,
We'll see the frost spread o'er the hills.

Althought to some this sadness brings
Our hearts are only filled with cheer;
For if there's a place by Nature blest
That place is surely here.

We've learned to love the mountains high,

And the green rich valleys low between;

Where the fruits of nature yellow grow,
Besides the sparkling clear cool stream.

The wild birds bask in the mellow sun
As the leaves and nuts fall gently by,

And the squirrels make haste throughout the day,
Storing nuts in the tree-tops high.

Our hearts can only grateful be—to God,

That He has made a place like this to dwell;

To soothe the hearts of those who need must be
Sick now, but soon we feel, to be made well.

—o—

Things which only happen once each year—Pvts. Keys and Beeman arrive at the office on time.

—o—

Sergeant Marcuson speaks to a Private.

—o—

Sergeant Platt was two minutes late for dinner.

—o—

Corporal Gebhart was seen working yesterday.

—o—

Private Sammie Grossman ate a meal without complain.ng.

—o—

Corporal Howard smiled when asked to take down the colors.
No new dogs reported here yesterday.

—o—

Privates Ziegler and Fry are in charge of "101 Ranch" near the Nurses' Home. Have you seen them yet, sitting on their "light artillery."

drawn by "Nicky?" They are "some" team! The old saying: "Every pot finds its lid."

—o—

Privates Combs and Robertson, of the Q. M. C., are surely on the job—lying alongside of it.

—o—

Q. M. Sgt. McClain is on the sick list. Latest report says his condition is serious. Let's hope for a speedy recovery, as we miss him very much.

—o—

"Old Faithful" brought a little alligator back with him from "the land of flowers," but owing to the atmospheric conditions of the "Y," the alligator and the boys have parted company. A panic was created when the animal was exhibited at close range to a group of nurses.

—o—

The Toad

A toad is quite a funny thing,
It sits around all day,
And never does a blooming thing
Don't even try to play.

But wait 'till darkness comes at night
And all is dark and still;
You'll see old toad hop brisk'y out,
And shake his heels to kill.

But still more wonderful it is
To see what toads can do;
They hop and find their mate,
Then one and one make two.

These two hop out to find their friends
As two others do the same,
Until you wonder in your soul
If they're coming down as rain

And as these couples meet, they say,
Let's go and find the crowd,
So here goes four and here comes six,
Some young, some old and bowed.

As these ten meet they then decide,
To form a merry chorus,
And as the other crowd comes up,
We have them all before us.

The crowd then starts to bellow;
And for anyone to hear,
Would sure'y swear with all their soul
That toads were EVERYWHERE.

Divine Services at the Hospital

Div're Services will be held Sunday, Oct. 13, at the mess tent, Receiving Ward, at 9 a. m. Rev. John B. Mullin, chaplain, will conduct the services. All are cordially invited to be present.

Red + Cross

On October 3, the contract for the Red Cross house was let to Gude & Krcks, contractors, of Atlanta. The construction is to begin at once and the house to be finished by December 7, 1918, and the cost not to exceed \$12,500. Furniture for the building is to be sent from headquarters at Washington. A complete stage, auditorium and seating for moving pictures and other entertainments will be provided in the house. Besides that, the house will be provided with the comforts of homelife, where the boys can go at night and be entertained and see some of the pleasures of a real home.

—:-:—

Director Allen has been empowered by the National Red Cross to install at once in the large mess hall of the main hospital building, a moving picture outfit, where some of the very best pictures on the screen will be shown at least twice a week. The outfit has already been ordered and the pictures will be here for the first show in about two weeks. This arrangement will be carried out, pending the completion of the Red Cross house. Of course, when that is built, all activities of the Red Cross, including moving pictures, will be centered in the house.

—:-:—

Through a committee of the local chapter of the Red Cross, working with and through the office of the director at the hospital, the good people of Waynesville have in the last two weeks, since the committee was organized, furnished jellies, fruits and choice dishes to the bed patients. No accurate account has been kept of the many dishes that have been sent in, but it is intended from now on, an account will be kept so

Don't Trade

Don't Be Swindled! If Anyone Tries to Trade You Out of Your Liberty Bond

If tempted to consider a trade take the trader to the nearest bank and ask the banker to check the value of the thing offered.

If you absolutely must have the money your bond can always be sold for cash in the open market and the daily papers will tell you what it is worth.

Keep your bond until the end of the war. Go without something you need rather than sell it. Your bond is your substitute on the fighting front. To part with it takes you out of the fight.

Instead of selling the bond you own buy another one to keep the first one company.

Liberty Bonds are the best security on earth today.

They are the promise of the United States government to pay you interest twice a year and to pay the face value of the bonds when due. Their safety is the reason they carry a low rate of interest. Detach each coupon on the date it bears, take it to a bank and deposit it to your account or draw the cash value.

Register your bonds, and keep them where they cannot be lost, stolen or destroyed. Go to a bank for information—many banks offer facilities for safekeeping of bonds. To lose an unregistered bond is the same as to lose that amount of money.

that a report can be made each week. Any one wishing to help in this way will please communicate with Mrs. W. C. Allen, the chairman of the committee.

"Y" NOTES

Letter-writing is the chief occupation at the "Y." Either the victrola or piano is going all the time and the music serves to stimulate the mind of the soldiers to write home or gets him in the mood to write to his sweethearts. Therefore, mothers and sweethearts, send the "Y" more good records and songs for the men.

—Y—

Secretary Beckett returned safely from his home in Tarpon, Fla. The storm damaged his property to the extent of \$2,000. The smiles of the boys and their greetings were evidences of his welcome return to the hospital. Our faithful secretary brought some interesting things from Florida—grape-fruit, persimmons and basket sponge, but the most interesting object was the little alligator which has furnished much fun.

—Y—

Saturday night another interesting and appreciative program was given at the hospital. The chorus sang "We're Going Over" and "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." This was followed by two selections on string instruments, by Privates Bonchar, Hampton and Burtis. "The Sunshine Chorus" was present with its full part of the program. "The Glory Song" and "Sweet and Low" were rendered in a pleasing manner. We regret very much that some of the nurses feel that it is an imposition on them to ask them to take part in the programs. Think of the good you do and the deep appreciation of the boys. Reconsider and then make the sacrifice.

—Y—

Secretary Rue made a brief talk Sunday afternoon to about 50 very attentive men on the subject of "Suffering and Sacrifices." Heb. 2:10. We were pleased to have some of the nurses present to help sing. Come again and bring others.

SOLDIERS OF THE U. S. A. The Royal Cafe

can and will give the best EATS in town at REASONABLE PRICES. Or we will make up lunches and send them out.

PHONE ORDERS TAKEN

Kenmore Hotel

MAIN STREET
Waynesville, N. C.

SHORT walk from the Army Hospital. Close to station. Situated in business section of the city. Excellent cuisine.

OPEN : THE : YEAR : AROUND
THE TRAVELING MAN'S HOME

UNCLE FRANK, Prop.



Hotel Waynesville

Miss Jessie Herren, Prop.

Excellent food and modern accommodations at reasonable prices
Open the year around. Only 15 minutes' walk from the Army Hospital. A real home-like place at an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet. Write for particulars

Waynesville, N. C.

PHONE 114

NEXT TO POST OFFICE

Hyatt & Company

Manufacturers and Dealers In

BUILDERS MATERIAL

Doors, Sash, Rubberoid Roofing,
Finished Lumber, Brick,
Lime and Cement

FEED AND COAL

C. S. Meal	Domestic
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Hay, Grain, Etc	Steam

All Orders Given Prompt Attention

"Quality, Price, Service"

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Phone 43. : : Depot St.

THE Fourth Liberty Loan

The soldiers, officers and nurses at the Army Hospital, as well as the civilians of Waynesville and vicinity, are invited to make their purchase of the **FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN BONDS** through this modern bank.

The officers and employees of this bank will be glad to explain in detail anything which you do not understand about the Liberty Bonds.

Use our service to obtain satisfaction.

Bank of Waynesville

THE OLDEST BANK IN WESTERN N. C.

THE WHITE GUARD

A Department Conducted by the Nurses

 ICK call was tried out for the first time at the Nurses' Quarters on Thursday afternoon. Things got kind of balled up, for every nurse in the nurse corps reported per order of the sub-chief.

—o-o—

What has happened to Lillian's lip?

—o-o—

Harriet and Lillian are keeping up their good resolutions, made to the Chief before she went away. "A great life if you don't weaken." Here's hoping they don't weaken—

—o-o—

Guess Mr. Rue weakened alright. Skipped his job when the Chief wasn't home. Hope he is not ruing the day he took the Sunshine Chorus in hand. What about it, Mr. Rue?

—o-o—

Now that we have so many free evening, what are we going to do? No movies, no church. Ask the inmates of room 5.

—o-o—

Grandma Beggs on Ward III. Well, she can send "Williams" around with "Whipp" and surely there will be peace—perfect peace.

—o-o—

Miss Currie arrived from Brooklyn to join the happy bunch.

—o-o—

Marie Alseph's fondest hope was realized Sunday when she finally located, at one of the local livery stables, a quiet horse to ride. Much to her chagrin, the horse died Monday and spoiled her well-planned riding party Tuesday.

—o-o—

Miss Forbes has resumed her buggy riding.

—o-o—

We suggest transferring the barbed wire from around the guard house to the balcony on Ward III.

—o-o—

New troubles arise every day, with the chestnuts and leaves both gone, what will become of us?

—o-o—

Take Notice

It is always well to tell the truth, especially if the man you are talking

to knows the facts. Truth is like dynamite—it lies quietly until you touch it off and it has an awful come-back, which leads us to quote—

Speak thou the truth—

Set others fence and trim their words for pay,

In the pleasant sunshine of pretense,

Set others back their day.

—o-o—

"Rosie" Hickmann went horse back riding Monday afternoon. On Tuesday morning Grandma Beggs had to feed "Rosie" her breakfast.

—o-o—

The road to Asheville is just beautiful, especially when it is traversed by the Q. M. car. Ask Miss Palmer, she knows.

—o-o—

Miss Beggs begs to announce that the sick nurses are altogether too careless in leaving chairs on the board-walk between Sunshine Inn and the Villa of Rest. These dark mornings are very bad on grandma's eyes and she is afraid of falling over obstacles. Poor grandma!

—o-o—

It is generally understood that Howard and Nelson have applied for the position of "chowhandlers," when

Professor "Kid" Henry instructor in trap drumming. A competent teacher with seven years' experience. Was with the Twenty-fourth Infantry Band at Fort Sam Houston. Instrument furnished, prices reasonable.

ROOMS FOR RENT

Furnished Rooms for rent. All modern conveniences; coal range in kitchen, hot and cold water connection, coal heaters in bedrooms. Private family. Pigeon street, fourth door from Main street, north side of street.
—MRS. BEVILLE.

FOR SALE

One Buick roadster in excellent condition. New tires (3 by 32 1-2) all around. Prestolite. Motor recently overhauled. Newly painted. Will sell cheap.

LEE & BROWN CO.

Waynesville, N. C.

they came off night duty. They give as their chief reason, their ability to cook. The poor O. D. starves the night they cook.

—o-o—

Did you buy a Liberty Bond?

—o-o—

Miss Stynes has a wonderful voice—at least the patients in the Officers' Ward think so.

When cough medicine fails to put patients to sleep,
Stynes sings a lullaby, soft, low and sweet.

Whereas, Grandma Beggs says she came into the Army to nurse, not to sing.

SOLDIER BOY

SEE those regulation four-in-hand ties? We have them.

Also invest all you can spare in a Liberty Bond and we will be doubly proud of you.

J. M. Mock
Main Street
WAYNESVILLE, N.C.

—THE—

Miller House

Electric Lights and Baths
:: Best Table Fare ::

\$2 Day—Special Weekly Rates
One Block From the Station
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.
Phone 73. - - - Branner Ave.

L. A. Miller & Co.

PLUMBING
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WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

For Rent

Nice, well furnished rooms
for light housekeeping
Good location. All modern
conveniences. For further
information, call on

C. A. Haynes

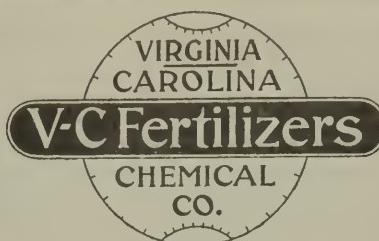
General Store

"In Frog Level" :: Near Depot
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

**Mehaffey
& Yount**

New lunch counter just across
the bridge from the Post Ex-
change.

Also groceries and soft drinks.

**J. B. Henry & Son**

—Dealers in—

FARM IMPLEMENTS
AND FERTILIZERS

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

*We**Believe*

the soldier boys buy anything
they want from whoever they
please; that's right, it suits us,
for their way is the right way.

Wishing you everyone health
and happiness, we want to be

: Your Friends :

*Waynesville
Hardware Co.*

The Whitehouse Cafe

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND

Get your lunch here. A good
meal at a low price.

Ham and Eggs	... 25 Cents
Beef and Potatoes	, 20 Cents
Eggs 2 for 15 Cents
Coffee 5 Cents
Milk 5 Cents
Pies 10 Cents
Soup 10 Cents
Dinner 35 Cents
Steak (Small) 20 Cents
Sausage 5 Cents
Egg Sandwich 10 Cents

—o—

J. R. WHITEHOUSE, Prop.

DEPOT STREET

Calling Cards

--And--

Invitations

An attractive card is the
proper and dignified way to pre-
sent yourself. In the same way
a neatly printed or engraved in-
vitation adds elegance to any
formal occasion. See us for both
cards and invitations, printed or
engraved in the correct style.

Mountaineer - Courier
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

**McCracken
Clothing Co.**

Men's Outfitter

Solicits the patronage of the
patients and officers of General
Hospital, No. 18.

With the Wits

A Sad Type

The Missus—"You look so strong and well—it's hard to believe you're a wounded soldier."

The Medicant—"No, lady, I'm worse'n that—I'm one of the missing."—Sydney Bulletin.

There was a young doctor quite spry,
To enlist he never would try;

He merrily laughed
"Till he felt the big draft,
Now he's kissing his fam'ly goodbye."
—Journal American Medical Assn.

Rookie (aspiring to be "sea-going")
"Lookit all the salt in my hair!"

Old-timer—"That ain't salt, you boob, that's 'bone-dust'!"

Speaking of Executions

An Englishman was about to be electrocuted. They were strapping him in the chair. Some of the plates did not fit him very well and he was a bit nervous. "Do you know, old top," he said, "I don't believe this blooming thing's very safe."

A negro was about to be hung and was asked if he had one last word to say. "No, nothing," he said, 'cept I might say this sho is gwine to be a lesson to me."

An Irishman was being hung and as the trap was sprung, the rope around his neck broke. He had no sooner hit the ground when he jumped up and ye'led, "Say, you big fool, you're going to hurt somebody doing that."

A cattle rustler had been caught and the posse had him standing in their center, pursuant to snuffing his lamp. It was agreed to give him his choice of executions and when asked what it woudl be, he said, "put me among a bunch of chorus girls. They'll tickle me to death." He was shot.

Heard at Bombproof Headquarters

"Shut up or I'll knock you so flat we can p'ay you on a phonograph."—G baseball."

"That guy can't see far enough ahead to knock the ashes off his cigar."—Bromley.

"You're right; the world is wrong."—Donahue.

"Add up your talk and come to a total."—Gollehur.

"Sure enuf?"—Davis.

Echoes of Receiving Ward

The Receiving Ward has a most resourceful staff of nurses:

When looking for density,
We have—Raney.

If in need of sweets,
There's—Lowney.

And if you enjoy darkness,
There's—Knight.

And when we are real bad,
We get—Wright.

The latest addition to the nursing staff of the Receiving Ward is McWhirter, boys. She's great!

The following, under the caption of "Depth Bombs," by J. J. Burns, a former Magazine writer, appeared recently in "Afloat and Ashore," a live publication for men in the service stationed at Charleston, S. C.:

ONE SUNSHINY afternoon
LAST WEEK MY attention
WAS ATTRACTED to a crowd
OF SOLDIERS and SAILORS
ON THE SOUTHEAST corner
OF KING AND GEORGE streets.
I THOUGHT A PARADE was
COMING AND LOST no time
IN GETTING THERE, but
DIDN'T SEE ANY parade, and
ASKED A "GOB" where was the
FIRE—AND HE SAID, "You
POOR BOOB, WIPE your glasses
AND ENJOY the show"—then
I UMBLED—they were enjoying
THE SILHOUETTES that were
PASSING ON THE opposite
SIDE OF KING, between them

Where is that temperature book?
Darn if I know?

Who has "G" charts? The lieutenant.

Doctor, I want my clothes. Well, I'll look you up—that's all. No clothes.

Some one please ask Miss Goldsmith if her name doesn't sound very-Irish?

Oh! In my haste I forgot to mention our latest jewel—Goldsmith.

AND THE SUN. There were FAT ONES and tall ones, SHORT ONES and slim ones, BEING X-RAYED as they PASSED BETWEEN the men AND THE SUN—Mary Garden DID NOT HAVE much on SOME OF THOSE who passed UNDER THE RAYS of that AFTERNOON SUN—One Sailor BOY AMBLED up and began to look AND LOOK. Turning to me, he SAID: "What's going on here?" I TOLD HIM and he bursted OUT IN TEARS—and started OFF. I Reached over and GRABBED HIM on the shoulder AND SAYS: "Why all the weeps?" IN A HEARTRENDING voice he REPLIED: "I AM SO NEAR-SIGHTED I CAN'T SEE ten FEET." "WELL," says I, "why DON'T YOU WEAR GLASSES?" "I DO," says he, "but I LEFT 'EM ON BOARD THE SHIP."

City Barber Shop

Six Chairs operated by men skilled in the art of shaving and hair-cutting are at your service here.

A modern, sanitary tonsorial parlor where always the aim is to satisfy the customers.

AN ES-SAY ON DOCTORS

When William was still a little boy in Kilt skirts (you girls don't remember, of course, when little boys wore Kilt skirts, but they did and I still have a tintype to prove it) he used to catch flies and pull their wings off and then their legs and finally their head and his mother knew he was going to be a Doctor. Besides even in his youth he always had that Wise Look as though he knew more than he really did. And as he never talked much he got away with it. Besides, he happened to find a book one day in the Public Library about Egyptian Mysticism and that helped a lot, for he began to look still Wiser and when he did talk, which, of course, he had to at times, he uttered strange Words which sounded as thought he was Saying Something.

It was at this time that Father decided to fork over the Necessary Sheckels to see him through the Four Years which would entitle him to an M. D. (Mystic Discourse). Father couldn't understand why they made it Four Years, especially as there seemed to be so many mysterious minor organizations and extra equipment all the time that didn't appear in the Catalogue and certainly ate into the Alfalfa Dividends (they weren't getting \$2.50 for wheat then and Henry Ford was still eating at Lunch Counters in Detroit).

You will probably consider that during the Four Years there, his associates would get wise to William. Of course, they did, but you see they were all in the Same Boat. However, they all believed firmly in the Powers of their Order of the Mystic Discourse, of which they were Proselytes, and they were not deceived; for William became so proficient that he could answer most any question without giving a Reply and could carry on a conversation for hours without saying anything.

Besides, probably from his father's side, William had come by a natural Business Instinct (father was known to be able to smell a Dollar a long ways off), and this was to mean no Little Thing to William in his profession.

When the Big Event came off and William was finally initiated into the Mystic Order, father was Quite Proud of him and said the money was well spent, (he had made an "awful holier" about that last extra fifty and mother had to remind him what a Dootiful Son William had always been and she was sure he was not Up to

any mischief as father had unjustly Suspected).

The day of his arrival Home, with two trunks and a traveling bag, was a Memorable Occasion. Father reckoned he'd done tolerably well, considering he'd left home with only a suit case. And mother, when she saw the Sheep Skin with the Strange Foreign Words and William's name spelt out in Beautiful letters—which made him an official member of the Mystic Order, she could hardly contain herself and she was glad in her heart that she was having chicken and waffles and fresh apple pie for supper for she had remembered his Failing and she had an idea that even successful Mystics have to Eat.

And when William Sauntered up towards the Drug Store after supper it was noticeable that the Soda Jerker (who also opened the boxes and swept out in the mornings), was doing a Rushing Business and most of the Girls had their starched dresses on and smiled sweetly at each other, and the Neighbors all remarked that William was a Promising young man.

From all of which the following maxims may be derived: If you don't Promise anything you have a better chance of Making Good and if you don't know what to say Look Wise (you girls have a good chance of getting away with the Latter, too, just as well as the Doctors—or almost as well. You know the Mona Lisa girl—what a rep she was and maybe she doesn't know any more than you).

LIEUT. KAHN, OF POST EX-
CHANGE, NOW IN CHARGE OF
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

(Special Cable to Bombproof)

Well, fellows, anytime you have a "pressing engagement" take your duds over to the Post tailor and have him press them right. When it comes to pressing, Corporal Brodsky and his assistants know more about tailoring than Heiniz does about pickles.

The Corporal wants it known that he also alters suits, can make you wrap leggins, and can make a wrecked outfit look like a new Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

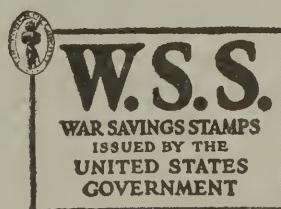
When it comes to turning out a brand new uniform to order, just go over to the Corporal and have him take your measure. Nuf sed. The same is true for overcoats.

We would advise you that you pay a visit to this tailoring establishment and look it over for yourself. It is situated between Ward V and the Main building.

Don't sell that old blouse or pair of breeches to your pal for almost nothing because it has a slight tear or a hole worn completely through. Take it over to the tailor and have him give it the "once over," and believe me, when you take a look at the old remnant after he has finished you will believe it is a new issue. A trial will convince you.

Watch this space for next week's Post Exchange news.—Adv.

Everyone will hail with delight the news that work will soon be begun on the new building of the Red Cross.



Save your peach, plum and cherry pits to make charcoal for use in the gas masks the men wear while fighting the Hun. Get the fruit here and bring me the Pits.

Waynesville Fruit Supply

JUSEPPE MORMINO, Prop.

MASSEY, EVANS BARBER SHOP

Expert Barbers

All Work Guaranteed

Electric massages for ladies and gentlemen.

Nurses' and soldiers' work solicited.

You will find us under the First National Bank Bldg., just around the corner on Depot street.

P. V. MASSEY
(Signed) DENNIS MASSEY
SAM EVANS

Shoe Repairing

Done neatly and quickly by those who know how.

Half soling done while you wait.

Goodyear Rubber Heels attached.

Shoes shined and polish sold.

Champion Shoe Shop

L. E. Smith, Prop.

Waynesville Book Co.

Main Street

Waynesville, N. C.

The men at the Army Hospital, as well as our many civilian customers, will often find a good book a source of entertainment, education and pleasure. At our store you will find an excellent assortment of popular

BOOKS	CAMERAS and FILMS
STATIONERY	MAGAZINES
SOUVENIRS	FOUNTAIN PENS

Try our finishing department for developing and printing films

Waynesville Auto & Repair Co.



WAYNESVILLE'S Largest Garage offers tourists a complete service, consisting of auto storage, vulcanizing, repairing and overhauling. A modern garage with a complement of men skilled in automobile work.

Ajax Tires, guaranteed 5000 miles, for sale

Also Oil, Gasoline and Auto Accessories

SLOAN-PLOTT HARDWARE CO.

—PHONE 133—

Every man needs a pocket knife. This is especially true of soldiers, who have so many uses for them. We have a good assortment at 75 cents to \$3.00 each.

Several men at the Hospital have found satisfaction in our leather and canvas leggings. Come in and look them over. Prices to fit all pocketbooks.

The Men From General Hospital 18

Are Always Welcome at the

The Corner Drug Store

Here you are assured of courteous treatment and excellent service. Chocolates, Ice Cream, Candies and Soft Drinks are among the many things offered both soldiers and civilians by this modern store.

Phone 53

J. K. THIGPEN & CO.

The Corner Drug Store

Waynesville, N. C.

We still have a limited quantity of pound paper

at 55 cents per pound

No more at that price

The Aiken Gift Shop

They Did Things That Can't Be Done

The speaker was a wounded American soldier after the engagement at Chateau-Thierry, and that is the way he spoke of the exploits of his comrades who had fought and fallen so that civilization might triumph.

LEND THE WAY THEY FIGHT

Lend your Dollars—you are not asked to give them—to your Government so the men in France may continue to drive the Hun from the lands he has invaded.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
WAYNESVILLE, N. C.